



The Virtue of a Protestant Orange:

Being the best ANTIDOTE against

ROMAN POYSON.

30. Januar. 1689

GOOD People draw near,
And your Money prepare,
To Buy up my Basket of Fruit that's so Rare;
'Twill cheer all your Hearts,
And cure all your Smarts.
'Tis Fruit that's indeed beyond our Deserts;
Yet an Orange.

There's none can express,
Your great Happiness,
The like never seen since the days of Queen Bess:
A Nation Enslav'd,
And Justice out-brav'd,
To be thus Redeemed, and gallantly Sav'd,
By an Orange.

O who can declare,
A thing that's so rare,
To be thus delivered, from Danger and Care:
It never was known
That the English Throne
Should grow Sick of a Fever, and Cured alone,
By an Orange.

The Guns in the Tower
Have desperate Power.
To fright all the City in less than an Hour;
But tho' Powder and Shot
Be cur'dly hot,
It may yet ye cool'd, pray why may it not,
With an Orange.

The Zealots were bold
To March through the Cold,
And few could believe it a Truth that was told,
How they carried the Train,
To Salisbury Plain,
And so quickly were frighted to turn back again,
By an Orange.

Our terrible Guns,
And Catholick Sons,
Did March with their Bullets in Barrels and Tuns,
But as People say,
They kept Holy-day,
Till most of their Keepers were frighted away,
By an Orange.

Alas, who can tell,
How perfectly well
The Juice of an Orange may take down the Swell
Of Catholick Pride,
If fitly apply'd,
When they once the Virtue have thorowly try'd
Of an Orange.

To tell the brave Tales,
Of our Young Prince of Wales,
And how he was Cur'd of his wonderful Ails.
E'gad's very fine,
If the Invention were mine,
I'de give no other Physick at all, than the Rhine
Of an Orange.

Great Joy for an Heir,
And a Motherly care
Are things that in England are not very Rare,
And though some conceal
As if they did Steal,
Yet all will be Publick, ere long, and Reveal'd
By an Orange.

Our Catholick Fools,
And Taintiv Tools,
That have been train'd up in Pontifical Schools;
So long till their Rage,
Has ev'n frighten'd the Age,
There's nothing their Malice can sooner asswage
Than an Orange.

Our Fryars and Devils,
And such kind of Evils,
That pester'd our Nation, has now got the Snivels,
Yet still they can Croak,
And keep on their Cloak,
But thinking to Swallow, they meet with a Choak
From an Orange.

Now Juggling Jack Taylor
Would fain turn a Sailor,
Lest he be Confin'd by some mischievous Jaylor;
All his Catholick Skill,
Nor his Pettulent Quill,
Can save him from tasting the dangerous Pill
Of an Orange.

Our Irish Deceit Joys,
And such Tory Boys,
That lately disturb'd all our Nation with Noise;
And gave out their Votes,
For cutting of Throats;
There's nothing against them, can make Antidotes
Like an Orange.

Alas! what cur'd Fate,
Brought Teague and his Mate,
To be thus expos'd to Fury and Hate;
When they came to Fight
For the young Prince's Right,
They should be thus shamefully put to the Flight,
By an Orange?

Alloo, Alloo,
Fait had we now known,
De Trick de Damn'd Heretick to us have done,
We'd taake up our dwell,
In St. Patrick's Well,
So we had escap'd de damnable Smell
Of an Orange.

Hey ho Holiday:
Now what shall we say?
A Parliament Call'd, and the King gone away:
The Writs ran about;
And the Pardons were out;
Yet poor He himself was put to the Rout
By an Orange.

O Vat shall we do,
By my Shoul I don't know,
For all be Confounded, de High and de Low,
Some never did shun,
Either Pistol or Gun,
That now broken Hearted, do greedily run
From an Orange.

What scampering Play
Do we see e'ry day?
What Monkish Devices, to run clear away?
Our Jesuits now
Do both Swear and Vow,
They'd run far enough, if they did but know how,
From an Orange.

Now ye Protestants all,
That so your selves Call,
Where ever you Dwell, tho it be at White Ha',
It doth you behove,
Your time to Improve,
And whilst 'tis in Season, learn quickly to love
A Dutch Orange.

For if you delay,
And trifle away
Your time (that is given to Work in) at Play;
You'll surely be crost,
And dreadfully tost,
And sadly Repent, you so foolishly lost
A Brava Orange.

If you love your Lives,
Religion and Wives,
Then turn out the Hornets that lurk in your Hives;
Don't let Dirt and Mud
Run through your Blood,
For Protestant Stomachs there is nothing so good
As an Orange.

This bold Roman Witch
Has been digging a Ditch,
And long time advancing with Spur & with Switch
Till your Fetters were fast,
And your Hopes were ev'n past;
But Providence sent you a Medicine at last,
In an Orange.

Let Malice now cease;
Let true Love and Peace,
'Mong all sorts of Protestants daily increase:
Let Friendship remain,
Let Charity reign,
That we the like Bondage may ne'er see again;
Nor lose our Orange.

When you have got Power,
O do not devour,
Your Brethren (as formerly) every Hour:
But let's all agree,
To give Liberty,
And bless God Almighty, for setting us free,
By an Orange.

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With Allowance.